Through The Iris

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Through The Iris

by jxkuzure

Summary

Both with biological roles and desires--Hannibal hopes that Will can accept his advances and think about the brighter side of being an Omega. Will, stubborn and reluctant to live the domesticated life, denies his requests constantly--Hannibal decides its fitting to enter a courtship.

Lavender

"Through the Iris"

Hannigram

Alpha!Hannibal & Omega!Will

"Lavender"

"I didn't ask you to pick me up, Dr. Lecter.", Will grumbled as he watched the pine trees of Wolf's Trap--stretching to the sky to loom over head. Clouds stained grey and restless floated across the open skyline as Hannibal and Will rode only in taciturnity. Dr. Lecter said nothing as he pulled over on the side of the road--his maroon eyes shifting from the road to the Omega in the passenger seat.

Will dug his fingers into his palms as he kept his gaze out the window--feeling Haninbal's stare against the back of his neck. Those maroon eyes felt like they were piercing Will as he mustered enough courage to glance over at Dr. Lecter, the wave of astriction finally fermenting into calmness.

"William, you know you are doing me an awful pleasure of escorting you home.", Hannibal delineated as if he said the phrase a hundred times over. Will mentally cringed when Hannibal called him 'William'--it reminded him too much of the teachers that scolded him consistently during school.

"I can always drive myself, Hannibal.", Will uttered as he sunk deeper into the leather seat--lambskin pliant against his back.

"Please William. Having you in my presence is feeding the desiderium I have been feeling for a long time.", Hannibal said as his gloved hand found Will's cheek--brushing cream skin till Will signaled his distress; a low whine made in his throat.

Hannibal rested his hand back on the steering wheel as Will took deep breaths--slowly and precise, neither of them speaking for a long moment.

"Speaking on a biological scale...", after a few minutes passed, Hannibal had started up the engine--a beautiful purr emanating from his classic Bentley. Will's eyes darted to the doctor once the car pulled off back onto the highway--anger mingling with anxiety. He blamed his biology for the mishaps of his life--his parents, his empathy, and mostly the loneliness. Being an Omega in the 21st century meant the oppression of the most common image--child-bearing, pliant, house ward with no sense of rights or opportunities. It was still a miracle how Will ended up in the Quantico FBI--but the coup 'de grace didn't last too long.

Uncle Jack deemed him "unfit" to continue the Ripper case and sent him off on a unpaid leave--making Will rely more on Hannibal than he wanted. Yes the doctor didn't mind helping financially and emotionally--comforting him in the lowest of times, and making sure his mental wellness was up to date. It was a rendezvous for Hannibal--getting to spend time with the fragile profiler--but on his part, it was just an Alpha and an Omega relationship.

They were never on the romantic note--Hannibal made sure he kept his biological role kept under a gilded cage of self-respect. Will, on the other hand, was too much endowed in fear of his biology that it wouldnt matter if Hannibal wanted to advance their relationship. The Omega's pheromones laced with the musk of fear displeased Hannibal's olfactory senses as he pulled up into the dirt driveway of Will's home--seven dogs waiting patiently on the porch.

Hannibal killed the engine and in a brief moment--Will escaped from the Bentley and returned to the company of his pack--all the dogs gleefully meeting their master. Dr. Lecter only watched from the car as Will made no gesture of salutations--slightly impolite but Hannibal never considered Will on the dinner table. Instead, he rolled down his window and asked something.

"Would you like me to pick you up tomorrow morning, William?"

Will turned around--his unkempt curls whirling gracefully--and frowned. No matter what he said, Hannibal would come anyway with fresh breakfast and a new topic to discuss--biology.

"Yes, you can. Dr. Lecter.", Will said as he led his pack back inside the house. Hannibal smiled in victory as he started the engine--his Bentley warming up as he backed out of Will's driveway. Though his friendship to Will was innocent--most Alphas in high society would

consider it a *reasonable* thing to do--offering companionship to such a broken and unwanted Omega. No matter their gender, Omegas were key to racial survival and it was best to lure them into submission.

Hannibal had never been that way--he never had the need for a Omega--he never considered his own litter running around his residence. He held disdain to the idea but Will was something...*precious*. He had a beautiful mind with even more unique skills as a profiler and empath, Hannibal envied Will sometimes. Dr. Lecter took the drive back to Baltimore with an idea.

Can I court Will Graham?

As disastrously as it sounded, Hannibal gave it some thought. It wasn't like Will wasn't decent enough to become his mate or carry any of his litter. Will would be a great match besides Alana or even Abigail, but neither of them piqued his romantic interests. His life revolved around Will and only Will--and his beautiful mind that Dr. Lecter would personally like to dissect.

The company and servitude of hard liquor and aspirin--Will drowned whiskey as his dogs rested around his feet. The day had barely begun but Will found the alcohol-diluted stage he was in was the only resort. Hannibal was just a close friend--no matter their differences of age or biologic role. Being an Omega meant nothing to him, he was still Will Graham and he lives in Wolf's Trap, Virginia. The day when Jack told him to leave, it weakened him in body and soul--tearing the tidbit of what he considered mundane off the slab.

The Alpha had told him he didn't need another "unmated and mentally unstable Omega" anywhere near the Quantico FBI--which Will understood but secretly cried in the inside. The FBI was the only thing that kept him busy--visioning killers and finding them through their own sick deeds.

Will sunk deeper into his recliner as he took the last sip of strong whiskey--feeling his eyes grow heavy with sleep. He didn't want to sleep, not ever, his dreams were only terrors and creatures that went bump in the night. The ravenstag that pranced through white snow--feathery fur dark against pure white innocence--a reminder of what Will could've been.

Dr. Lecter had been his only companion through the times of great distress--guiding him slowly by the hand and practically shielding him from Jack. No matter how Will pieced it together to Hannibal, the same response of comes from his lips--*He's an Alpha, William, and not like me. He won't hesitate to hurt you.*

It was true that Jack's Omega passed away from cancer a few months back--the man never showed his sadness due to some *Alpha* pride or something. Will knew it more than anyone--the grey storm clouds that rained constantly in Jack's conscious and a lonely grave. The man was clearly distraught but kept it hidden beneath the power of authority. Until a few hours ago, Jack had took it upon himself to corner Will behind a crime scene--making it clear of his

intentions. Will mentally cringed as he stroked his free hand in his hair--*Jack is still an Alpha and I am still an Omega.*

Hannibal had pulled him away from the situation and they spent that whole afternoon in casual conversation...Until Hannibal brought up biology and made Will uncomfortable in the matter of seconds. Dr. Lecter knew he didn't feel fit of his biological role and only used it as a barrier to scratch deeper at Will's personal matters. It didn't matter whether he was an Alpha, Omega, or even a Beta--he was Will Graham and nothing more.

Will got up from his company of dogs and walked into his kitchen--running cold water from the sink to fill his glass. He dranked it slowly to let the refreshing water pool into his alcohol-heavy stomach. He saw a figure move in his peripheral vision and instantly made him tense--whirling around to see the *non-evasive* Dr. Lecter standing in front of the door.

He didn't even heard it open nor did the dogs run up to greet Hannibal--the doctor easily slipped into the house with a few Ziploc containers in hand. Will felt agitated to know the Alpha hadn't even been gone for hour before he came back with afternoon lunch--how did he even come back so fast?

"William, I am dreadfully sorry I intruded into your home. The door was unlocked and I had been knocking for about three minutes.", Hannibal apologized as he sat the Ziploc containers down on Will's table--opening up the contents and the pack all rose their heads. One by the one they lined up to Dr. Lecter and with their eyes--begged for any they could achieve from the unshakable psychiatrist.

Dr. Lecter was nice enough to feed each of the dogs from another container--all of them and especially Winston gratefully chewing away at their win. Will only sighed and sat his liquor glass into the sink, walking to the table to get a look at what was in the container. He took a seat as he watched Hannibal prepare the table--entering his kitchen to take out glasses, utensils, and plates. The aroma of freshly prepared food made Will's stomach churn and rumble in both hunger and queasiness--the alcohol he consumed earlier not making it any better.

"You've been drinking alcohol, William, excessively. You know not to do this with an empty stomach.", Hannibal scolded as he served the dish--*salmon Croque madame*.

Will had to agree with him--he barely had breakfast and drinking so much liquor was going to make him sick later. He didn't have the desire to eat--not after what happened between him and Jack, even the liquor in his belly couldn't douse the fire. Hannibal had noticed such behavior and encouraged him--cutting up the salmon into slices and picking it up with his fork, ushering it for Will. The profiler held up resistance for a while before submitting--allowing Hannibal to slide the well-cooked salmon between his lips. As he chewed, he kept his blue eyes locked on Hannibal--a rebellious fire roasting deep inside. He didn't need Hannibal--no, an *Alpha*, to baby him. He could take care of himself just fine.

"I don't need you to feed me, Hannibal.", Will swallowed and furrowed his brows. Hannibal chuckled softly as he returned to his plate, cutting delicate meat into thin slices before consuming it.

"Of course, William. You are capable of even the most simplest things when you put your mind into it.", it was sarcasm that Will hated the most about Hannibal. Between the horrible plaid suits and the sarcasm, Will held the trigger.

"You know I hate when you do that, Hannibal.", Will replied as he took it upon himself to start eating his meal.

Hannibal smiled thinly and sat his utensils down. He leaned forward and reached for Will's wrist--dragging it back down to the table and rubbed his thumb over delicate skin. The profiler mentally vomited over such a gesture but allowed Dr. Lecter to touch him--his skilled fingers rubbing over his scent gland to make it fume his bitter-sweet Omega scent. He could smell it himself--ripeness with a hint of sweetness--something Alphas were drawn to. Hannibal could do what he wanted but Will was certain *he did not want a mate*.

If Hannibal's intensions weren't clear enough, the doctor allowed his own musk-tinged scent to protrude into the air--making Will flare his nostrils. He couldn't help himself from trembling--warmness pooling between his legs startled him. He crossed his legs and did his best not to look at Hannibal in the eye.

"William.", Hannibal said blatantly as his maroon-eyes looked over his shaking form. "I hope this is an invitation to think more than our friendship?"

"What about Alana? She's your wife. What about Abigail? And for God's sake, didn't you see what happened between me and--"

"I love Alana as much as I love Abigail but neither of them fill my needs, William. What happened between you and Jack was a moment of indecency and despised.", Hannibal intruded as the finger roving over delicate skin of the wrist pressed more to a gland--more bitter sweetness fuming in the air around them. A mixture of honeydew and lavender--layered to create an imperfect harmony of aromas.

Hannibal had been married to Alana for years and Abigail was their daughter--how can Hannibal come to a decision to even suggest an idea? He had a beautiful wife and daughter yet he *still* decided that it was Will he wanted to love.

Will found it hard to breathe and fidgeted in his seat--desperately seeking a way out from Hannibal's alluring stare. He jerked his wrist back and got up from the table, nearly running out the front door with no heed of Hannibal. The coldness of Virginia's air chilled his lungs as he took in a mouthful, exhaling just as Hannibal peeked out from the door--sanguine eyes never blinking.

I am Will Graham and I live in Wolf's Trap, Virginia.

Hannibal has just implied to me he wants to progress our relationship.

I am Will Graham and I don't like being an Omega.

Marigold

Chapter Summary

Hannibal resents the domesticated life style he has chosen while Will goes through the loops about Hannibal's courtship proposal.

"Marigold"

Present Day

He felt nothing--always nothing when Alana was underneath him, writhing, and moaning his name. Hannibal felt nothing when he laid beside her in the afterglow--maroon eyes blank and emotionless. It felt like he was running through the motions every day, loving Alana and Abigail, but at sun down he wanted Will.

Hannibal couldn’t collect the times he had not thought about Will--the Omega during their sessions or even in the most perverse way--in his bed. He thought he had banished such thoughts from his conscious but the temptation was too grand. Will had awaken something in Hannibal's deeper carnage, dark and dangerous, and it needed to be fed. Whether by flesh or by pleasure, Hannibal wanted every morsel of Will.

Hannibal sat in his study with *21 in C Major* playing in the background--sinking deeper into heavy thought. How easy could it be to whisk Will with him to France--to never be questioned or disobeyed? After the scenario of Jack and Will, Hannibal had found himself more protective of the empathic Omega more than anything. He never felt such a duty and not even towards Alana. He couldn't hold this mask of his facade any longer--Will was going to be *his* Omega.

Alana wouldn't be the hassle to dispose and neither Abigail--He could easily send them off with his life fortunes. Alana wouldn't have to worry about Abigail and her education, Hannibal had already chosen the best institutes in Europe, and both of them would be set for life. If there was any resentment in the matter, Hannibal always wanted to try his new recipe for *Cacciatore*.

Hannibal spent a few more hours in his study before retreating to his domesticated life--Abigail sitting in the living room with her head in her various books. Alana must've left some time ago as Hannibal smiled lightly, his daughter's fondness for books was matched to his own.

The chocolate-haired girl looked up from her book and immediately smiled, setting her book down to race to her father. Even though she was only nine, she was up to Hannibal's waist and still continuing to grow taller every day.

"Father!", Abigail said gleefully as she wrapped her arms around Hannibal and squeezed--the doctor holding her there in a warm embrace.

"Abigail. Where has your mother gone?", Hannibal asked as the little girl scurried back to her book pile on the floor. Abigail fixed her glasses and shrugged.

"She said she would be back later this evening, Father.", Hannibal's lips creased into a thin frown--He wasn't blind of Alana's intentions.

Hannibal wasn't blind nor stupid when it came to Alana's infidelity--He actually encouraged it. The longer Alana stays wrapped up in a lover's arms, the more Hannibal had to take Abigail and leave her with nothing. It may be heartless but Hannibal didn't love Alana even when they married. It was more of a show to keep him the pillar within Baltimore's upper class. A prestigious child psychiatrist and medical doctor, the recipe for prominence and renown.

"Father, Mr. Graham did call and he left a message. I am sorry for answering the phone...you told me not to.", Abigail said with light pink flush painting her cheeks.

Hannibal's eyebrows rose in surprise as he crouched down to pat Abigail's back--his daughter smiling lightly as if she was unsure if this was a praise or punishment.

"Thank you, Abigail. You did a good thing by answering the phone, it could've been an emergency."

Dr. Lecter took the house phone upstairs and listened to Will's message, his inner core shaking in enthusiasm.

Hannibal, look...I am sorry for earlier this morning. It's just...Losing my job and then Jack. Hannibal I know you are just a friend but you are married to Alana for God's sake.

I haven't had a mate since Garret and I just don't want to relive the same thing I did to him. Hannibal, please.

She's the Omega you want, not me. So...this is so awkward--let's remain friends.

Hannibal snarled and threw the house phone somewhere across the bedroom--shaking hands combing through his slicked back hair. His stomach cramped at knowing that Will wasn't wanting him either--the feeling of humiliation and betrayal crashing all at once. He just

poured his heart--something he never had done--to Will but only to be chewed up and spat out.

Will Graham, my Omega, has rejected me once more.

Tick tock tick, Will held his cellphone in his hand, *tick tock tick*. He didn't mean to blabber on about his shortcomings to Hannibal--he regretted every second while he recited those dreadful lines.

She's the Omega you want, not me.

Will grew up in solitude and preferred it that way--only his pack gave him comfort and no one else. Ever since he learned about his biology in high school, things had become...*complicated*. Almost being assaulted on numerous occasions wasn't enough until Jack decided to corner him and hiss lewd comments. If it wasn't for *Hannibal*, Will scoffed at the name that rolled off his tongue like warm honey, *if it wasn't for him*.

He didn't take suppressants just for the simple fact that it made his night terrors and hallucinations tenfold worse--but, he lingered on the hope of someone deciding to mate him--Alpha or a Beta. He was close to Alana as well as Hannibal but he didn't have the aptitude to become *Mr. Lecter*--not like Alana was, the poor woman was obsessed with Hannibal. Beverly was also another choice or even Matthew but *it never happened*.

Will was stuck in the fairytale of becoming an Alpha's *obedient* and *loving* mate--but he wasn't Sleeping Beauty and there was no knight to kiss him awake. A tear rolled down his face as he stared out of his front door--a new blanket of snow coating the ground pure white.

A golden marigold withering away just as fall ends, only to be blanketed by the falling snow of winter.

As much as he hated himself, Will couldn't muster the hate towards Hannibal--the man who cared for him, befriended him, and *loved* him.

He found himself dialing Hannibal's number once more and held his phone to his ear, waiting with bated breath as the phone ranged. He wasn't needy--nor did he crave the attention of Dr. Lecter--he just...*had to hear his voice again*.

"William?", Hannibal answered.

Will almost lost it as he clutched the phone even tighter--the words he had on his tongue dissolving away.

"Hey Hannibal...I-I just wanted to call you back.", he managed as more tears strolled out of his eyes. His cheeks grew hot in embarrassment as he only held back whimpers--hearing Hannibal breath on the other line. Overwhelmed with the sudden emptiness in his belly, Will fell back onto his comforter and bit down on his lower lip. He wasn't afraid of refusal--he

grown up with it most of his life, but he was afraid that he tethered his friendship towards Hannibal.

"I know you and Alana are married and have Abigail together...but, if you are willing to risk your marriage for me, go ahead.", a sense of much needed relief flushed over Will as he laid there, knowing that Hannibal was waiting his response.

"William, are you truly considering my offer? You will not deny me once more, will you?", Hannibal asked.

Will took the moment to truly ponder of the decision--*can I truly date Hannibal or would it be best to stay friends*? It was all or nothing, Hannibal Lecter could provide the same sugar-coated comfort his pack gave unconditionally. Hannibal could finally be the one to soothe the creeping darkness and give him light into a new world.

"Yes."

A Week Later

Will found himself being driven around by Hannibal--running simple errands such as dry cleaning and groceries--Abigail in the back seat chattering away. Will found himself uncomfortable listening to Abigail and Hannibal, this conversation should seemingly be between Alana, Hannibal, and Abigail--no room for Will.

First it was the bakery--French by name and design, Hannibal selecting exquisite pastries and offering it to both Abigail and Will. Abigail was more than willing to feast on the sweet baked bread while Will took nibbles--not particularly fond of sweets. They sat near the window and gazed out to Baltimore--the city under the slumber of fog in the early morning haze. Hannibal was at bay with a warm cappuccino--humming softly as Abigail finished her pastry and sipped her hot chocolate.

Winter in Baltimore--beautiful yet unknowingly calm, Will finished his coffee and took a deep breath, rich coffee settling in his belly. It had been a week since Will agreed to allow Hannibal to *court* him--seeing it fit that he did it the classic way. Abigail had no idea of their courtship and neither did Alana--the poor woman self-medicating with liquor and sex. Will wasn't stupid, his empathy gave him a full insight of what Hannibal dealt with on a daily basis.

A cheating companion and a fragile young daughter--two things that Hannibal had kept under his polite smile and plaid suits. Domesticated Hannibal may seem to be, this wasn't how the fairytale needed to be.

Hannibal--pinned under a black dragon of lust and adultery--while his sleeping prince awaited up the castle.

"Mr. Graham, you don't like sweets?", Abigail asked innocently as she pointed her little finger at Will's half-eaten *beignet*. Will snapped out of thought and smiled lightly--sliding the plate over the table to Abigail. The girl's sea-blue eyes widened in gratitude but then darted to her father--her lips pouted as she begged.

"Go ahead, Abigail.", Hannibal said as he took another sip of his cappuccino. Abigail giggled playfully as she took a piece off the *beignet*--popping the sweet pastry into her mouth. Will looked over at Hannibal to catch the doctor looking at him--there was fondness in his eyes.

The look, Will flushed as he brought himself back to his coffee, *the same puppy-eyed look*.

"William--", Hannibal began.

"It's Will."

Hannibal pressed his curved lips together and nodded.

"Will, how have you being fairing since last week? I've seen you been taking better care in your nourishment and appearance."

Will hid his frown behind the rim of his cup as he rolled his eyes--nonchalant about Hannibal's constant pickiness about his personal health. Entering a courtship was like entering a monster's den--you come out unscathed or severely damaged. Will had to admit that it was recherché that Hannibal took great care in Will but this was just the beginning stages of dating.

First there's love, then there's marriage, then a babe in the cradle.

"I've been well, Hannibal. Haven’t had any dreams lately...but, I'm doing well.", Will replied.

"Good to hear, Will.", Hannibal leaned over the table to wipe Abigail's face with a napkin--the little girl fidgeting as the doctor cleaned her messy face. Once all the sugar was off her lips and cheeks--Hannibal calmly folded the napkin and returned it under his hand.

Will secretly adored the way Hannibal was soft to Abigail--something during his childhood he never got a chance to experience himself.

The rest of the time they spent at the cafe was pleasant enough--dinning on fine coffee and sweets.

The next stop was to Hannibal's local tailor--a portly man named Gerald Hawthorne--to pick up one of Hannibal's many suits which Will found the colors ugly. Will categorized Hannibal's suits as either ugly or just horrid--the designs had looked like if it was something out of a vintage magazine. He only stood by the door and held Abigail's hand, the little girl teetering as she grew impatient with her father and the tailor.

"Daddy...", Abigail cried. Hannibal looked over his shoulder as he talked to the tailor--a warning glare that Will has seen before.

"Just a little longer, Abigail. Sshh..", Will softly whispered to Abigail as he kneaded his fingers through soft brown locks.

"I don't want to wait anymore!"

The little girl whined again before clutching Will's hand tighter, her constant teetering and whines growing to a halt. Will felt it was his personal duty to kneel down and coddle the girl--under the discretion of Hannibal watching close by. He rocked her within in his arms--not knowing whether this was just his empathy or biological instinct. Gradually Abigail stopped her sobbing and wrapped her tiny arms around Will's neck--the Omega man lifting her up to hold her in his arms still.

It's only been a week and now I'm playing mommy.

After picking up Hannibal's suits, they all got back into the warm Bentley and drove out of the heavy traffic of Baltimore--skyscrapers like pillars to the heaven above. Abigail had fallen back asleep clutching one of her books while Will and Hannibal made small talk.

"Abigail's a sweet dove with the impatience from Alana, Will. I'm glad you were able to soothe her.", Hannibal commented as he checked Abigail from the rear view mirror--away in her merry dreams.

"It was...natural.", Will bit his lip and threaded a hand down the seat belt--nails digging into leather as he could feel Hannibal's stare. Listening only to the purr of the car, Will tried not to make any inferences to his role or other biological desires. It was too early in the courtship to start implying such lewdness.

Hannibal would pace their relationship slow--from childish love letters to exquisite gifts and serenades. Will chuckled at the thought of Hannibal down on his knees singing to him--like a classic devotion of love crafted from Romeo himself. In this case, they won't end up dead in three days.

Hydrangea

Chapter Summary

An unexpected visitor comes to Balitmore--Hannibal wants to speed up the courtship while Will shifts through transitions.

"Hydrangea"

A Few Weeks Later . . .

The moving truck outside the Lecter residence was packed just as Hannibal watched from the second floor--Merlot in his glass as he wafted the soft grape smell. Everything was settled between him and Alana, a new house on the north side of Baltimore had already been purchased for her and Abigail, and a life time of funds to do as she pleased; as long as Abigail had enough to attend Harvard or Yale.

Hannibal wasn't the one to bring up the divorce settlement, instead, Alana smacked them down in front of him and he didn't hesitate to sign. There was no arguments over property nor Abigail, Hannibal would constantly pay any funds that his daughter would need--even more if it was necessary. What had troubled him was Will--the ex-profiler hadn't contacted him for over a week and it was getting *annoying* on Hannibal's part. He gave all the attention he could muster towards the Omega only to have it shunned.

What had been so wrong, Hannibal sipped his Merlot just as the movers exited his home and got back into their truck--Alana and Abigail being escorted to the car Hannibal reserved for them. He didn't force Will to do anything whether it was going out to eat or even basic home visits, Hannibal did his best to give Will space.

It's been almost a month and Hannibal found himself growing more antsy and persistent to further the relationship--he was beyond the courtship age just as Will was.

Hannibal never resorted to defining every aspect of the courtship to biology--there was no need. Will obviously knew his birthright just as Hannibal knew his, like two pieces of a perfect puzzle--or an imperfect harmony tuned from a broken harp--if the courtship was to fail. Hannibal wouldn't rush his sexual interests, if he still had any, upon Will. A couple more months and Hannibal would propose the idea of bonding--by then, Will would be more pliable and accept his devotions.

If Will was still capable after what happened before...

It was no secret that Will was the true definition of a *broken* Omega--losing his mate and cursed to live the rest of his days alone. Garret was a sickening man with such repulsiveness that Hannibal personally wiped the slate, not leaving a single trace of what the previous Alpha was. On his part, it was actually Will subconsciously getting rid of Garret--consuming his own flesh just as he did to countless others.

Will may have not realized it prior to their courtship, but he was claimed solely by Hannibal and could not be tethered even by the strongest cut. Molded into the perfect mate Hannibal had desired for more than a lifetime--he would soon be on his back, then swollen with litter--just like it should've been in the beginning.

Nicholas Boyle had been Will's longtime friend since high school, the only Beta he truly considered trustworthy and not so stuck up. It was true that Betas were possibly the preferred species out of them all--neutral and completely immune to the constant hormones of an Alpha or Omega. They didn't need to size up their mark or practice the art of a pissing contest, *literally*, but they were the only species that could actually have a say in things. They didn't have to rely on their biology to teeter them to the left or right, they could live partner less for the rest of their lives if they so choose.

Will envied him, Nicholas was able to live a life without the complications of biology. They met earlier this morning at a nearby cafe; one of Nicholas's favorites, and everything had

been going steady. The coffee tasted amazing and the atmosphere was warm, Will sunk deeper into his seat with the rim of his mug up to his lips.

"I've heard you're in the dating life, Will", Nicholas sneered. The redhead had always crictized Will for the lack of romance in his life, Will scowled as he sat his coffee mug down.

"Yeah don't get too excited, Nic."

Nicholas raised an eyebrow as he slid his coffee mug away from him, leaning over the table, he stared deeply into Will's blue yes. Will avoided his glare and averted it towards the window, watching people pass by with little care. The Beta chuckled softly and regained his posture in his chair.

"Are you embarrassed about your date? Is she hideous? Oh God, Will, don't tell me its Adrianna from sophomore Geometry!", the Beta joked hysterically and Will flushed red hot in his seat.

"It's a man...An Alpha to be exact, wait...Why do you even care, Nic?", Will stammered as the Beta's laughter died down.

"Of course I'm going to care, Will. Not everyone can handle you..."

"What are you implying, Nic?"

Nicholas sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose--his dark brown eyes narrowing at Will. The next thing that was going to escape past his lips would either tether the friendship or leave them both feeling stupid. Will braced himself for the inevitable just as a waiter came around to refill his coffee mug.

"I thought we could've dated...You know?"

Will said nothing as he rose up from his seat, his azure eyes pinned on the Beta with such much unadulterated anger. He had never been so angry at the Beta in his life till now--of all times wanting to date him after so many years.

"What the hell, Nic! You want to tell me this now when all through high school I tried to get your damn attention! No! Go to hell!", Will nearly knocked his chair over when he stormed out the door--curious eyes pinned on him before gluing onto Nicholas.

The Beta grew flustered in his seat and buried his face into his arms, stomach tightening in the ache. He never had a chance in high school--not when football was on his mind and going to college--not with a dying sister. He didn't want to hurt Will Graham did but he just did it now.

Currently at the Lecter Residence . . .

Hannibal sat in his study with his pen tapping softly into his journal--sketches of Will being the only thing he could really focus on. Several different positions; side-view, front, and back, of Will's face was sketched perfectly. He spent most of the days trying to contact Will but gave up after noon.

Yet he had another strange caller prior to contacting Will's phone (an international caller). Hannibal had more than enough socialite friends overseas, especially in Europe, yet this particular number didn't jog his memory. He did return the call shortly after and wasn't too thrilled about the receiver.

"You decided to return my call huh, Hanni?", Hannibal knew the hiss of that voice--the disdain he held towards the person made his blood boil. He hadn't shared this with anyone but Alana--he had a twin currently staying in *Romania* to finish his own businesses. Nigel Lecter, same in appearance yet universal when it came to distinguishable traits (compared to Hannibal and probably the human race)

"I just happened to see your number, brother. It should be the other way around, if you're referring to the amount of time we socialize.", Hannibal replied, frankly he didn't care if Nigel called him or not.

"Fan-fucking-tastic, brother. I'll be in Baltimore next weekend, ciao.", the line clicked dead and Hannibal sat his phone down, pinching the bridge of his nose. His antipathy to his twin's rudeness and arrogance was beyond calculation as he continued sketching Will--over the fact that his partner hadn't called or visited him in such time.

Bucharest, Romania

Bucharest was like his personal Heaven, Nigel stood by his wife's body, still warm prior to being shot less than twenty minutes ago. Gabriela, the red-haired goddess Nigel adored laying in her own puddle of blood, hadn't seen him coming. He easily slipped into her estate (*which Nigel bought with his own funds*) and found her in bed with the cunt-fuck *Charlie fucking Countryman*. Nigel shot both of them but made sure Charlie was surely fucked into the afterlife, proceeding to sodomize the Americunt with one of the lamp poles. It was a bloody mess but Nigel could always get this place steam cleaned.

Nigel sat on the blood-soaked bed and looked over his plane ticket to America, a grin plastered on his face. He hadn't traveled to America in years (only for the few business visits he had to attend) but for some reason, he just itched to get the fuck out of Romania.

The motherland had its own charms and elegance yet Nigel craved more than the hostels and graffiti-covered streets, more than the cocaine and the gore. Darko had made his life comfortable yet not to his liking, he got tired of the whores only hyped from the drugs Darko pumps into their systems.

Oh how much he craved for another world to conquer outside of Bucharest. Hannibal owned Baltimore under his powdered thumb yet Nigel was better than that--taking Hannibal's toys

away was like taking David out the lion's den.

Nigel made a flight for New York next Saturday and then he would personally drive to Baltimore, he wasn't as spoiled as Hanni was (taking multiple flights out of the plethora of money he sat on). Yet he did inquire from a little bird of his that Hannibal was *dating*--and not dating as in watching a marathon on the Food Network. Nigel knew that Hanni was married to some Omega and had a daughter but he never knew that the marriage was over; planning the trip was a perfect time to fuck Hanni over.

He paid his dues to Darko and a few other acquaintances before packing up everything--seeing that he personally buried Gabriela. He had to take a road trip out to the middle of nowhere; in a field with blooming dog flowers and lilacs, and had her dressed in her wedding gown. Pristine white just like her soul, Nigel lowered her gently down into the ground with no tears but a heavy heart. Limbo was going to be a sad place for her but not her final destination.

Nigel stayed at the grave for a while and picked the dog roses around him, not finding any words to give Gabi away. He tried to recollect their wedding vows but nothing came to mind. So he sat there for hours on end; rambling on and on how him and Gabi could have had it all.

"You were a beautiful fucking girl but you too smart for your own good.", Nigel finally muttered to the ground. "I wish I could tell you that before I had to send you home."

The next week came up faster than expected--Nigel had spent most of his days loathing over menthols and poor-tasting beer. He got one of Darko's right hands to drive him to the airport and from there, he boarded first class to New York. He did admit after the first handful of hours he got homesick, but the excitement building his core made him hype. He adored seeing Hanni's twisted face when he showed up on the doorstep. Or even his partner, preferably Omega because Hanni was into something crying underneath him.

Nigel preferred Betas over anything really--they typically didn't give a flying fuck about who's on top or bottom, but the new craze of *Omegas* wasn't going to stop any time soon. He didn't get it why so many Alphas wanted such a pliable partner. Gabi was a fiery little dame with the ass of a goddess--most of the time it was Gabi smacking the shit out of Nigel. She was the finest Beta Nigel had ever had the chance of loving.

From New York to Baltimore, Nigel took a drive in his convertible (which was another gift Darko left him in the states) and took no caution when it came to speed limits. He didn't understand America's rules of driving--it was all too bizarre to comprehend. The most dangerous of things give you a rush--yet many feared what danger could bring. Nigel lived the life; he's been shot up, stabbed, and ran over so many times that it didn't even phase him anymore.

Cruising through downtown Baltimore had been the rendezvous Nigel needed in order to shake some time off before showing up at Hannibal's. Parking his car in front of some shop, Nigel got out almost majestically; dressed in all black with his normally wild hair slicked

back). People on the street gawked at him as he walked into the shop, finding only little that interested him. He got a curious glance from an Omega woman behind the counter as he approached, looking underneath the glass at some bottled fragrances.

"How can I help you, sir?", she asked timidly--her dark brown eyes dotting back and forth. Nigel looked up from the glass and smiled, pointing down to a dark blue bottle of cologne.

"I want to try some of that, darling.", He purred and leaned up from the counter, watching how the Omega tensed and opened the glass counter. She took out the bottle and sprayed some on Nigel's wrist, the Alpha smiling softly as the medium-cologne smelled fantastic.

"I'll take it but gift wrap it for me."

The Omega employee did as she was asked and went to the opposite counter to package the bottle. Nigel watched her in little interest and gazed out the shop window--Baltimore, the world for which Hannibal constructed through socialites and wealth rested outside that window. Something caught his eye; beauty in flesh, and he forgot about the gift-wrapped bottle the Omega employee brought back, storming out the shop after whoever walked by.

Dark chocolate curls, ivory cream skin, and a frame to make anyone crave. Nigel walked briskly and caught the stranger by the arm, reeling him around to get a good look at his face. Something didn't smell right--it smelled faintly of Hannibal.

Azure eyes wide in fright, skin beginning to dot in sweat, the Omega was beautiful in his own way. No one on the street noticed their encounter, oblivious to such a ruse.

"Let me go!", the man cried and tried to yank his arm back, Nigel held him in a vice grip.

"Eyes of an angel and ass of a goddess, I love it.", Nigel commented and dragged the struggling man to where his car was parked, almost throwing him in. Nigel knew it was an Omega from the start--the precious things weren't the ones to win fights but rather whine. The Omega spat curses at him (a new one to Nigel) as Nigel zipped around to the driver side and got in. He turned on his car so he could raise the roof of the convertible--no need of prying eyes or ears in Hannibal's world.

"Hannibal!? What the hell?" the Omega screeched at him, back pressed against the tinted window. Nigel carefully watched the Omega man; a shaking form, heaving chest, and sweat starting to blind the sickly-sweetness he found himself addicted to.

"Hannibal? You really think I'm Hannibal?"

Deep maroon eyes almost a shade darker than Hannibal's glared at Will as he pressed himself against the car door even harder--his breath coming out in shaky breaths. He made soft whimpers as the Alpha reached for him--long fingers brushing over his clammy skin softly. "Who are you?"

Nigel cocked his head to the side and made a low purr in his throat, more like a predator cooing his prey into a false sense of security.

"A stranger with a friend's face."

Nigel pressed the button to unlock the car doors and almost instantly, Will scrambled out the sports car and ran down the crowded street--not daring to take a second glance at the predator in the red convertible. He felt scared and almost vulnerable at the moment--He wanted nothing more than to go home.

Go home to Hannibal, his partner, his sole protector.

Magnolia

Chapter Summary

As Hannibal and Will's courtship furthers down the course, Hannibal suspects his twin's trickery while in Baltimore.

"Magnolia"

A Few Days later . . . Lecter Residence

Hannibal nearly fell out in tears when Will showed up at his door--finally dressed in the lavender three-buttoned suit Hannibal purchased during the first weeks of the courtship. The beautiful designs of the fabric enticed Hannibal's critique as Will shifted uncomfortably in it. He happily let Will in and led him to the living room, whisking back into the sanctuary of a kitchen to pour Will something to drink.

He was slightly worried about Will's quietness and excessively--giving Will his drink and mildly taking a whiff. Fear, worry, anxiety, all the familiar smells Hannibal had documented about Will. He didn't make a fuss about it, finding that William will open up after getting comfortable. Such a precious thing shouldn't worry, Hannibal would make sure whatever troubled him skitter away.

"Will? Is something bothering you?", he asked cautiously to not give off any red flags that may upset Will even more.

The Omega's eyes bounced from oblivious space to Hannibal, softening in what Hannibal could describe as *realization*.

"Your name is Will Graham, you are currently in Baltimore--", Hannibal had chanted the same words when Will would go into one of his episodes.

"I know where I am, Hannibal.", Will had said in a hushed tone, picking up the glass and bringing the rim to his lips. He took a small sip of the light beer and sighed. Hannibal raised an eyebrow before taking a seat next to Will, lightly hovering him to smell once more for the ripeness he adored on his partner. He took pleasure in smelling Will--not just to please his

olfactory senses--but to wash the tide of uneasiness between them. Will never scented nor attempted to do the same to Hannibal, yet the psychiatrist did not mind at all.

Something didn't smell right; Hannibal snarled under his breath, *it smells too much like....Nigel.*

He kept his composure underneath a smile but truly, with no doubt, wanted to pin Will on the couch and mark what was his. He held his hatred accordingly to his twin--he hated the Alpha as much as he hated Jack Crawford. Arrogant, invading, blunt--Everything Hannibal had to educate himself on how to deal with such traits. Will had finished his drink and looked at Hannibal, his azure eyes studying the complexity of expression on Hannibal's face. His shyness was blocked by the need to placate his Alpha's silence, running his fingers along Dr. Lecter's jaw line.

Hannibal broke away from his malicious thoughts of Nigel and purred when he felt Will's fingers on his face; warm and soft.

"Look, Hannibal...I don't want you to be angry with me.", Will said and his eyes dotted back down to the floor.

There was a plethora of suspicions going through Hannibal's rolodex of a mind. He knew Nigel was somewhere in Baltimore--behind every nook and cranny Nigel seemed to slither into every one. Will needed not to apologize; the Omega has done nothing wrong. If he had met Nigel sometime in the past week, it wouldn't take Hannibal long to find him (and possibly butcher him)

"Why didn't you tell me you had a brother and especially a twin brother?"

Hannibal pressed his lips in a thin line before answering, his crimson eyes narrowing on the Omega, but he was loathing over giving an explanation. "He's irrelevant to our relationship."

"What do you mean *irrelevant*? He's your brother, I think I have a right to know your family just as you know my family!", Will shouted.

Tick. Tock. Tick.

"The definition of family is not always defined by blood or flesh, Will." said Hannibal. "But those who you choose to make bonds that never tether."

"You still could've told me about your brother, we met on the street..."

Hannibal gave Will a sullen look as he got off the loveseat, another feeling of annoyance creeping into his chest. He would have to personally scorn Nigel whenever the man came to his doorstep. Nigel was venturing into dangerous waters and especially in the middle of the courtship--unwanted advances can teeter Will in the wrong direction.

Retreating back to the kitchen, Hannibal slammed his hands down on the counter, taking shallow breaths with every *inconsequential* thought of Nigel. That cocky grin always painted

on his face, the way he irks and pesters Hannibal on a daily basis, and oh...Just being his twin. He thought moving away from his European roots would give him some peace but Nigel was the fly in his soup and never returned to the kitchen.

Nigel had no bounds or rights to even approach Will; the Omega was out of his universe. He bedded filth in the streets of Bucharest--he didn't deserve anything Will had to offer.

Hannibal regained his composure before going back into the sitting room to check on his partner. Will had stripped himself out of the lavender suit (which had disappointed Hannibal) and had his attentions focused in a book. By a glance, Will looked relaxed, but still smelled of desperation and fear. It was like sweet magnolia dipped in a tinge of yellow alyssum--a beautiful flower with a stench if up close.

"I'm not angry at you, William.", Hannibal stated and Will's eyes looked up from the pages. They were soft and almost innocent in a way, something that made Hannibal's heart ache. He chuckled nervously before returning to the book.

"Yet I wish you not to go out without my company."

The Omega had slammed the book close and gave Hannibal a fierce stare--his naturally ripe smell becoming something spicier.

"What do you mean!? I can go anywhere I want!", cried Will.

Hannibal crossed his arms and narrowed his eyes at his partner. "I am your Alpha and I declare it so."

Will got off the loveseat and was about to storm out if it wasn't for Hannibal blocking his path, the size difference between them was like a bear to a doe. With Will being an Omega, he was smaller and more petite even for his gender. His features were softer compared to Hannibal--all toned and sculpted with masculine perfection. Will gave out a frustrated cry and tried to push Hannibal out the way but the Alpha just held him there, maroon eyes like blazing embers--with a spark of annoyance.

"I may not be bonded to you yet, Will Graham, but rest assure--you're still mine no matter the circumstances."

This time, Hannibal let go of Will and stepped aside--the Omega stumbling for a moment before skittering past him. He took a deep breath and growled under his breath--the sweet ripeness he loved now only a distant memory.

Later that afternoon . . . Baltimore, Maryland.

The streets of Baltimore could never par with Bucharest, Nigel walked around his hotel room--sampling the richer fancies that Hannibal fatten himself up in. He ordered room service and some shitty movie specials but nothing dealt with the loneliness.

He missed Bucharest--the shit-smelling hostels and drugged prostitutes were still picturesque in his mind. He missed those long nights when cheap beer and menthols had been his calamity. But most of all, he loathed for Gabi--excessively and almost sickening in a way. He didn't exactly hold disdain for his past lover but it still lingered. Nigel lit another menthol and slipped in between his thin lips, looking at Baltimore far above his hotel window.

He wouldn't bother calling his brother any time soon--not wanting to leave Baltimore with one less arm. Darko had sent him dozen assignments but he was a man of relaxation, especially almost half a world away.

Depravity, Nigel rolled his eyes and took the menthol out of his mouth, something only lonely hearts would bleed for. Thick white smoke left his nostrils as he took another drag--holding the smoke in his lungs for a moment.

Recollecting thoughts of last week, Nigel found himself sickly attached to the Omega he grabbed on the street. He had him so close in his embrace--he could've easily snatched that beautiful angel and whisk back away to Bucharest. Hannibal wouldn't have the nerve to travel to Bucharest--the pompous ass wouldn't want to ruin his *ugly* plaid suits. Nigel chuckled at the thought of his twin in Bucharest--standing in the alley as if he was waiting for Nigel, but Hannibal knew nothing of Bucharest. He had no idea of what monsters lurk behind every corner and every sewer gate--Bucharest was Nigel's world; nothing more, nothing less.

Now that Nigel was actually thinking about the Omega, he didn't catch a name. A beauty without a name yet a body to make Nigel love-struck. A love that Cupid couldn't even conjure.

He could get some of Darko's American lookers to scout that fine piece of Omegan ass--but Nigel still had his sights set on Hannibal.

If you take the king, you have the hill.

Nigel extinguished his cigarette by throwing it down and stomping on it, not caring if the carpet is ruined, and grabbed his flamingo printed t-shirt. He threw it over his bare chest and grabbed his pistol lying on the wardrobe. He would personally search for the Omega if he must--his smell still lingering in Nigel's acute memory.

Wolf's Trap, Virginia . . .

Will made the drive home even under Hannibal's scolding--the drive was the only thing that made his mind feel clear. He pulled into the driveway to see seven dogs waiting loyally on

the front porch and smiled lightly. His pack was the only stable thing he had in a very long time--each individual dog was unique.

Especially Winston, Will favored the canine out of the whole pack (though he hated picking favorites). The dog seemed to pick up Will's emotions more quickly than the rest and the most comforting. He would lie under Will every night though the Omega had frightful night terrors.

Hannibal didn't give the comfort Will craved for--especially in the last few weeks. He thought it could be the divorce between him and Alana or maybe the lack of visitation they give each other. Or...That Hannibal is the possessive, horrifying, love of Will's life.

Will laughed at himself and killed the engine of his car--he had a knack for picking the wrong types. Garrett, rest his soul, had been the first Alpha he had ever been attached to. They planned to have children (but Will had set a limit for two) and even made plans to move to Arizona. Nothing happened like the fairytales or the romance movies portrayed it as--Alphas weren't the princes in gleaming armor. They were brutal things by nature; they wanted nothing more to take what was theirs.

No matter if the Omega was willing or not--Alphas had their way and Betas could only stand in their shadows. Will had been in the FBI for a long time, he's seen Omegas slain and tortured over and over again. Every new crime scene was like a new chapter of a horror galore novella--but a new killer in every aspect. Whether the Alpha killed Omegas just out of sadism, or enjoyed dominating them sexually, and the most gut-wrenching of all--to prove that Omegas were only trash--Will has been in every mind. He never took an Alpha after Garrett--he despised their existence just as he despised his biology. He didn't want to be seen as a sexual object or something easily molded into an Alpha's desires.

He was Will Graham--*not a plaything*.

He finally entered his house with his pack nipping at his heels--feeling weary all of a sudden. He hadn't been taking the pills prescribed for his hormonal changes; Hannibal suggested it would be the best to get rid of his symptoms. He was grateful for the pills because it had lessened his night terrors and sweats but it still didn't help the hallucinations.

It was like looking through black-stained glass--seeing nothing but the opal reflection of a broken thing. No matter how many times Will tried to stain it back to clear white--it remained midnight.

Will settled with a cold glass of water, sipping it softly as he sat at the island counter. Applesauce and Sadie sitting on both sides. They looked up at their master with eager and impatient for any attention they could get. The rest of the pack settled in the living room on the fluffy rug in front of the fireplace.

We could have had it all, Will.

Will cringed at those sickly-tainted words Garrett had uttered to him one night before nothing remained the same. There were no more long nights down at the river or morning strolls through the backwoods--everything stained crimson. No longer did Will see the soft smile of his Alpha--it was only an angry red frown. His hands were stained dark red as the woods echoed in the ill moonlight.

He swore he could hear Hannibal's voice amongst the trees--like a lonely lament howled by wolves. Even then, he wasn't in his right mind.

Will knew Garrett had been shot while visiting some convention in Pennsylvania--Hannibal somberly broke the news to him days later. Almost instantly Will had curled up into Hannibal's embrace and wept, the psychiatrist was much more than willing to offer his warming comfort.

The Omega finished his glass and sat it down at the counter, Applesauce and Sadie dispersed to sleep with the rest of the pack. Will brushed his hands back in his thick curls and breathed deeply, familiar smells of leaves and fresh rain embedded deep in memory.

He stripped out of his dress shirt and shoes--leaving them somewhere to collect later. He joined his pack in the living room and made himself comfortable on the worn-out sofa--drunken nights had made the couch just like the bed. Sleep was an inevitable thing no matter how much coffee he ingested but it was dreamless most of the time.

Only one in a dozen dreamless nights, Will visited the black forest. Naked against moon light he would wander the forests of Virginia periodically--always finding himself back at the river. He swims most of the time, the water leaving his body rigid when he would surface. Yet he is also visited by another inhabitant of the dreamscape, *wendigo*. He never knew where the *wendigo* would come for or the exact reason but blackness would stalk around him at the edge of the water--waiting for Will to surface. Its waiting would not be in vain for its long black claw would hold Will under--not letting the Omega get the sweet breath of air he needed in aching lungs. Will tried to struggle for his life but the inevitable was always bound to happen. He would wake up feeling sweaty and bloated with only his hallucinations as comfort.

Whether it was Garrett with the bullet hole and crooked grin on his face or the *wendigo*, neither could fill the void in his chest.

It wasn't too hard to find the farm house in the middle of nowhere--it was the only house within the radius Darko's lookers gave Nigel. He pulled up into the dirt driveway and killed his engine. He checked the handgun in the passenger seat but decided he wouldn't need it.

He walked up the paved walkway up to the front porch--hearing a flurry of dogs yap away at the front door. Nigel did have a fondness for dogs somewhere in his heart yet he never bothered to get a mutt--he had too many in Bucharest's hostels.

Surprised that the Omega inside didn't bother to lock his front door, Nigel turned the knob and pushed it open--the old door quietly creaking as the Alpha took a step in. He took a deep breath and purred low in his throat, over all the dog smells there was a mixture of honeydew and oak. The dogs crowded around him happily but Nigel sent them away with a snap, he only guessed their friendliness due to Hannibal's visits.

He couldn't blame the poor creatures--Hannibal was quite manipulative even towards animals. Nigel looked around at the decor--a mix between modern and rustic (probably Hannibal attempting to redecorate the Omega's house). It wasn't too crowded nor too empty, Nigel stepped around the piles of blankets on the floor.

The Omega smelled so much lovelier up close--he barley hovered over the sleeping angel before kneeling down to capture his hands. Soft just as Nigel dreamed of how they would be, he laid a kiss. Will did not stir nor waken as Nigel lifted the Omega's hand to smell his wrists (where most Omegas held their glands) and was delighted by the smell.

A mixture of fine smelling fragrances, hormones, and something else Nigel couldn't read. He pushed the boundaries between them even further, lingering over Will before scenting the Omega back--his own hormones stronger in potency yet not in smell.

This made the Omega awaken almost immediately--cerulean eyes meeting dark crimson in wild surprise. Will sat up and grabbed a hold of Nigel's wrist, his dainty fingers curling around almost in a vice grip.

"So Sleeping Beauty awakes.", Nigel commented as Will tried to focus his vision. His glasses were no were in sight (leaving them in the kitchen with his discarded clothing) and did his best to identify the figure in front of him.

It smells like Hannibal but its not Hannibal.

"Hanni--", Will was about to say till Nigel closed the gap between them, eye-to-eye with the Omega.

"Call me Hannibal one more time and you will not like it.", he spat harshly.

Will nearly jumped out of his skin and let go of Nigel's arm--cowering on the couch just as the dogs returned to the living room--seven tails wagging happily. They still saw Nigel as Hannibal and none of them barked nor growled--Hannibal had a massive influence on them.

"You're stalking me.", Will suggested and Nigel laughed heartily. The Alpha gave space between them and sat right beside Will, laying his hand on top of his knee.

The Omega didn't draw back but Nigel could feel how tense the delicate creature was--Omegas were sensitive. Will's behavior almost reminded him on how Gabi was in the beginning of their relationship; timid and reserved, but over time Nigel was able to coax that sweet fire right out of her. Gabi and Will were on opposite sides of the whole emotional spectrum--Gabi could put up a fight while Will would slither into his shell and never break out.

"Your name is Will, huh? Hannibal's little Omega...", Nigel stated the obvious with a bored look on his face. Will shrugged his shoulders and allowed Winston to hop on the couch in between--the tan colored dog nipping playfully at Will's fingers. He stroked and shushed the excited dog with care, Nigel picked up such an instinct and grinned.

Omegas--the sweetest things in the world till someone fucks them up.

"If he really calls me that, then yes I am his *little Omega*.", Will imitated.

"And who are you?"

"My name's Nigel. Nigel fucking Lecter.", the Alpha replied and gave Winston a quick scratch behind the ears. The dog immediately left the attentions of his master to curl up on Nigel's lap--wide brown eyes staring up adoringly.

Will didn't bother to ask the relationship between him and Hannibal but instead, swung his legs so his feet were on the hard floor. He stretched his body out a bit before standing up--slacks hanging dangerously on his hips. He didn't advertise himself as proactive nor teasingly, it was the measurements of his pants.

Nigel caught eye of cream skin and laid back on the sofa--drinking in the sight of flesh he would willingly fight Hannibal over. He could see why his twin would want something so priceless--every fiber of the Omega was pure ambrosia.

Such a body and a broken mind wouldn't be able to collaborate with each other if it wasn't for Hannibal's tinkering. Nigel would personally thank Hannibal for his dedication over the past years.

Alana and Abigail had visited Hannibal's home about an hour after Will left for Wolf's Trap, the psychiatrist was very grateful for their visitation. He prepared sweet pastries and chocolate drinks for the three of them while Abigail chatted away about her school life. Neither Hannibal nor Alana conversed during the time spent--neither of them had words to share.

Disdain was the only thought Hannibal had on his mind and it was pointed towards Alana. It was such a bother to have her as wife and now an ex-wife, Hannibal loathed over her infidelity.

More focused on Will and his well-being, Hannibal didn't bother to take heed to his ex-wife or daughter's conversation. He was slightly frustrated with the Omega and the *smell* he caught on him only days before.

It was Nigel--the mixture of menthols and spice couldn't be too easily forgotten, Hannibal creased his lips to a thin frown once Alana felt the need to snatch their daughter away. Their agreed visitation period was over and Abigail was pulled away in tears--Hannibal dreaded

seeing those tears. Yet it was the price to pay for the sweet harmony for which Will tuned on his golden harp.

Hannibal was quite surprised with his twin; Nigel didn't bother to even visit, but kept his tail between his legs. He didn't care too much for his twin's profession nor condone it, human trafficking was such a barbaric thing. Dr. Lecter gave Nigel a chance for the more enriching and prosperous life yet Nigel only spat at his words.

He was the older twin and by far the much superior Alpha--the best that has ever been in the Lecter family tree. His mother told him he was descended from the Dragon himself but Hannibal didn't believe such rumor. He just convinced himself that Nigel was the younger twin and therefore the inferior one.

Hannibal cleaned up some time later--washing the few dishes he had left unattended in the sink before looking at the agenda on the calendar. It had been almost a month since Hannibal changed Will's prescription for hormone blockers--finding it only useless if they were going to court. The Omega didn't need to take such bastard forms of biological suppressants--Hannibal was going to claim him once for all.

Will wouldn't need to worry about supporting himself; Hannibal had the finances to last for a lifetime and possibly in the afterlife. Dr. Lecter would have to get rid of the dogs in some form--he found the little heathens repulsive and they were not going to wreck his home. Will would have to use something else to cope, such as delving his mind into something more productive. There was going to be a fight over the dogs but Hannibal could easily coax Will into giving them up--Alana had few loves in life and dogs was one of them (apparently not Hannibal).

Yet the complication of Nigel being in Baltimore and possibly stalking his Omega, Hannibal growled insults in his native tongue at the sheer thought.

On his back, making light red lines down the canvas of fine muscles.

Hannibal turned on his heels to take out dinner he would kindly invite Will too--and if rejected, he would personally drive to Wolf's Trap. Nothing was an inconvenience when it came to Will--Hannibal would trough through hell and high water if it meant the Omega was safe.

Safe from his inferior twin's folly.

Will waited patiently for Nigel to leave but couldn't help to feel somewhat drawn to the Alpha. In the short time that the Alpha has stalked and almost kidnapped, he's shown more kindness than Hannibal.

Hannibal wasn't utterly horrible to have as a partner but it was at a stalemate--The Alpha still had to go through his ex-wife and daughter and the Omega felt he was just the third wheel.

He wasn't going to lie, he liked the courting gifts and the sense of want but it all felt like a facade.

Nigel was something different, something more dangerously exciting that roused Will's interests. Hannibal and Nigel were the same in appearance yet stellar in aspiration and choices. Hannibal was more of a stable provider and Nigel was...Will didn't want to think about it.

He levied his options carefully in his mind while Nigel made preparations to leave his home--*stability and possessiveness over excitement and adoration*. The courtship between Will and Hannibal was entering its third month but it felt like they had been seeing each other for a century.

Hannibal was a great and successful Alpha, there was no disagreement there, but Will felt trapped when he was around him. Like if he was a trophy shined and polished on the daily just for show--Something to be marveled by appearance only. Will took a deep breath and watched Nigel gather up the few belongings he kept on person.

"I'm breaking up with Hannibal."

It sounded better in his mind and Will kept it that way--loneliness was something he didn't want to return to. He didn't want go back to night terrors and hallucinations, or the monsters that crept under his bed, or the worse of all--Garrett laying dead cold in his grave. Stability was vital to his existence, Will concluded as the door slammed and a car could be heard backing out his drive way, and Hannibal was his rock.

Should I go or should I stay?

His pack yapped away at the car leaving the farm house--they did the same when Hannibal left. Will walked to the window and moved the curtains back--glancing over at the now empty yard of hard packed earth and rock. He longed for the days at Quantico; teaching his class brilliantly and having all those eyes fill with vigilante excitement. Where he could delve deep into killer's minds and harness their darkest desires under the eyes of Jack Crawford--which abruptly came to an end after being harassed by the Alpha himself.

Alphas--a confusing biological gender with muscles instead of intelligence or morality.

Hyacinth

Chapter Summary

Hannibal and Will progress their courtship while Nigel tests the waters.

"Hyacinth"

❝In the land of gods and monsters
I was an angel
Living in the garden of evil
Screwed up, scared, doing anything that I needed
Shining like a fiery beacon

You got that medicine I need
Fame, Liquor, Love give it to me slowly
Put your hands on my waist, do it softly
Me and God, we don't get along so now I sing❞

❝Gods & Monsters❞ -- Lana Del Rey

Almost Two Months

Scratching of a fountain pen on soft paper and ink forming letters, to words, and to long sentences. Hannibal flicked his wrist with every new stroke from the utensil in his hand, gracefully scribing his message. It was something he held dear--calligraphy, and also a past time. None of his patients booked their appointments for the next few days which gave Hannibal the freedom to explore his exquisite writing style.

He couldn't help but let his mind stray from his writing, finding only his Omega on his mind. A delicate relationship that took time to coax into something more intimate and desirable. Hannibal made his own boundaries when it came to Will's stability and overall wellbeing; not pressuring the Omega into something. A Casanova he could be but a deviant he could not.

Deep inside he craved for his Omega and almost on a sickly level. Nothing could get Will Graham off of Dr. Lecter's mind; the way he moves, azure eyes, chestnut curls bounced so perfectly with every step. The smell that would fill a room so exquisitely it would make Dionysus intoxicated off it. Like a mixture of honey and clove, Hannibal couldn't exactly classify the scent's ever changing smell. Yet there was another problem; his twin, Nigel had

been *pestering* his Omega. He dared to damage what Hannibal crafted through honeyed words and the bodies he dragged on a golden chain.

The chime of the front door being rung snapped Hannibal from his musing--returning his writing utensils and drafts back into their approriate place. He left his study as another chime echoed down the hall--then another until Hannibal looked from the peep hole. Light blonde hair, crimson eyes, and the most cocky of all smiles--Hannibal grimaced at the sight. He needed no name for the devil in suede. He took a deep breath before unlocking the front door and opening it.

"Well fucking salutations to you, Hanni.", Nigel said with vulgarity, something that made Hannibal twitch with irritation. He didn't return the greeting but instead ushered his twin inside, not wanting the nice neighbors next door to catch a glance at filth. He watched Nigel pace down with the hallway with new sense, sanguine eyes studying decorations as his fingers ghosted along dark wood panels. At the divide of the hallway was the marvelous ebony-colored shogun armor. The masterpiece of the Japanese-influenced armor was something to be held with great honor--given to Hannibal by one he loved dearly.

"You still kept Murasaki's armor, dear brother?", Nigel comments as he looks over the armor held behind glass. Hannibal sighs deeply and is at his brother's side; he too is staring at the armor.

"To honor our aunt's great ancestor, for which a name is nothing but a mere whisper."

Nigel scoffed rudely and turned on his heels--walking towards Hannibal's sitting area with no audacity to even question their dear aunt Murasaki. In reality, Hannibal kept little contact with aunt Murasaki after some *displeasure* within the household. Prior to moving to Baltimore, there were some injustices needing to be justified that Murasaki didn't approve of.

A delicate fowl cooked in garlic and rosemary--perfectly cooked and consumed.

"I assume you are here for more pressing of matters, Nigel.", said Hannibal as he emerged into the sitting room, a suppressed frown hidden under composure. No doubt he wanted to tear into his twin and all of his shortcomings but that would be disgustingly rude.

Nigel browsed through some books gathered off the shelf and returned them back into their places, looking over his shoulder to glare at his brother. Hannibal could only assume it was some devilish jealously fuming off the Alpha. Something like a mixture of cinnamon and chili that enticed and burned at the same time.

"I thought I would just come by and check on my favorite fucking sibling...", Nigel trails off as if he lost his words on his tongue. "And investigate on the beautiful fucking Omega he's currently adoring."

Hannibal furrowed his bros and pretended he didn't just hear what his twin implied, taking a seat in the suede chair near the window. He crossed his legs and took in a deep breath--Nigel did the same. Hannibal didn't take his brother's jest lightly, in fact, he was nearly trembling in anger. Dare he break the silence, Nigel would know that he struck a nerve.

"Must you use so much vuglar, Nigel?", Hannibal gritted out.

"Must you be such a pretentious cunt?", Nigel replied back with more bite to his tone.

Neither of the twins spoke for a few moments till Nigel broke the ice with his ringing cellphone, answering whoever was the caller. "This is Nigel."

Hannibal snarled under his breath and kept keen eyes on his twin, watching in anger how the other Alpha seemed to be so *lax*. He never had to worry about others and including the Lecter family--skittering to Romania like a fool. There was nothing there in that trash pit but drugs, foulness, and everything Hannibal despised. When he needed Nigel the most, his twin could never be found. No, *when the family needed him most*.

"Well tell that cunt-fuck he can choke on his own dick!", Nigel exclaimed angrily and flipped the phone screen down. He shoved it back into his pants pocket and gave Dr. Lecter a coy look. He rose from the suede chair and fixed his clothing; the ugly flamingo-printed shirt making Hannibal's head hurt.

"Sorry to cut our annual visitation short, dear brother, but it seems like destiny has a date."

Dr. Lecter nearly rejoiced when Nigel declared his going, also rising from his chair to face his twin. They were equal in stature and completely on top of each other in every other aspect. Like an inborn attraction to destroy each other, the twins came close and one growled. Nigel pinched his brother's cheek before taking a step back, turning on his heels, he walked out the sitting room.

"No need to walk me out like the pompous fuck you are, Hanni. I know my way out.", Nigel comments loudly and purposely knocks over a vase sitting on a table. It shattered on the hard floor and Hannibal nearly lost it, clenching his fists tightly as he looked at the pieces. A beautiful piece of decor ruined by an uncultured hooligan.

Once he heard the front door slam shut, he paced to where the shattered bits of glass laid on the floor. He got down on his knees and picked up the pieces, his stomach coiling in knots at every piece in his hand. Personally, he would have Nigel skinned from head-to-toe but family meant everything. Even Alana and Abigail had a significant place in his heart.

Once the glass was picked up and disposed of correctly, Hannibal had the instinctive feeling to contact Will, dialing the Omega's number on the telephone. He held the phone to his near and waiting anxiously. *Ring, ring, ring*.

He heard the line click on.

"Hannibal?", asked Will, voice husky and sounding tired. "Sorry, I was just sleeping."

"Ah Will, it's a pleasure to hear your voice once more. It has been far too long since we've planned an outing.", Hannibal goes on while walking to the bay window, watching as Nigel's convertible reels out the driveway. "If you are not too tired, may I come and pick you up from your home?"

Will yawned over the phone and some shuffling could be heard in the background.

"Yeah I guess...I'll just get dressed then.", the Omega replies and Hannibal could hear a series of yaps and whines; Will's dogs. He personally didn't like canines no matter their breed and when Will would finally move in with him, he would have to give them away. He wanted no dogs ruining his backyard and especially not in his house.

Yes the Omega will protest and in his best effort try to talk Hannibal into letting him keep the dogs but Hannibal made his decision.

"I'll pick you up in another hour, Will. I am very exhilarated for our date.", Hannibal smiles at the thought of Will, well dressed and ready for their outing, and even something more. It had only been a few months since their courtship had flourished but they always had chemistry, something dark and strangely romantic in a way. Hannibal referred himself to *Gomez Addams* while Will was his *Morticia Addams*, a sickly romantic couple that inspired the most gothic of love. Hannibal would have to freshen up and redress for the date.

Another thought came to mind as Hannibal waited for Will to say something else, *the suppressants.* Hannibal knew prior to the courtship if Will Graham took them but didn't know if he takes them up to date. He personally hated the smell suppressants gave Omegas--a sickly smell of sour milk mixed with musk. Omegas needed no reason to hide such beautiful and ever-changing smells but modern society bashed an Omega for being too *promiscuous*. Hannibal had always been adamant of America's societal views on Omegas, they deserved to be loved and cherished by many Alphas. They were something precious and almost godly in a way, a beauty that couldn't be matched by the gods themselves.

The line clicked and a dial toned echoed in the receiver, prompting Hannibal to hang it up.

Will tossed his cellphone aside and groaned, scrubbing his drowsy face while his dogs piled on him in his bed. He barely got sleep last night. He would toss and turn in a sweaty bundle of blankets, sheets, and dogs on top of him. He didn't have a nightmare but it was just the constant night sweats that ruined the precious rest his body craved for.

He rose from bed and into the bathroom, running a cool shower to freshen up for the day. Will didn't bother to check the time either; the numbers would always blur and spiral out of

comprehension. The cold spray made throbbing muscles ache but he didn't mind it, the pain somewhat brought him to reality. Hands against the tiles, head hanging low, Will Graham took in a shaky breath. He should've lied and said he was sick or had plans but even if he did, the psychiatrist would bring chicken soup and comforting words. There was no way not to deny Hannibal and his constant urges for Will to go out more. Will lifted his head as water drizzled down his face and neck, reaching for a small bottle of shampoo and squirted some in his palm. He rubbed it together and lathered it in his chocolate curls, nails scrapping against his scalp pleasantly and the cool water excited even more.

The spray of the shower head rinsed the soap out his hair as he washed out with a minty smelling bar--rubbing it so hard on his skin that it flushed to a light pink tint. Will didn't know why he was scrubbing his skin so hard, he wasn't dirty or reeking. He's been feeling unclean ever since Hannibal's twin, *Nigel*, had came to his house. He wanted to get the smell of the other Alpha off of him before Hannibal came by.

Will Graham had his full share of jealous Alphas and how other scents bothered them. It was almost like a dog pissing on a tree, Alphas would scent their omegas in every way possible; through their glands, bodily fluids, and even clothing. Will wasn't bonded to Hannibal so there wouldn't be need for all this extra precautions but he didn't want to take a choice. Even if Nigel's smell was still on his person, Hannibal was highly unlikely to go into a jealous feud.

He turned off the showerhead and got out the shower, drying off quickly, and redressing himself in a dark sweater and slacks. Casualwear to him but Hannibal would probably note the lack of effort in his appearance. He dried his hair with a blow dryer and poured some almond oil in his palm, also combing his fingers through his curls. He personally liked the smell of almonds and it made his hair more manageable.

His pack greeted him in the living room with their wagging tails thumping against furniture as their master went to the kitchen. He pulled out a mug from the cabinet and turned on the coffee maker, the rich smell of coffee beans roasting made him purr from his throat. Coffee had lost its interest some time ago once Hannibal introduced him to fine teas and wines. He no longer craved whiskey or bourbon but preferred a nice Chardonnay or even Earl Grey. Will chuckled softly at himself. He's changed so much since he's been seeing Hannibal.

Yet he was kind of scared of Hannibal--how calm the Alpha could keep in the most enduring of situations. For example, what happened between Will and Jack, Hannibal had only guided the Omega away with a hand. He didn't yell or showed any discomfort in the situation but just offered Will his time. That didn't mean Will wanted to make Hannibal lose composure but he feared a day where the Alpha would just *snap*. That's why he washed up with so much care because he didn't know if Nigel's scent would tick him off. At the end of the day he was still Dr. Hannibal Lecter but he was still an Alpha who could very much do what he wanted to Will. He didn't have the adequate strength to fight an Alpha off; not like a Beta.

Only a short time later he heard the purr of an engine outside. His dogs yapped happily and bombarded the door, scratching and pawing at the wood as Will tried to get through them. His hand wrapped around the knob and he opened it. Winston and Applesauce were the first to rush out the house to greet Dr. Lecter, barely up the porch steps. Dressed in dark plaid and

bright right, Hannibal stood on the steps with a warm smile on his face. Will fully stepped out the door as the other dogs greeted the psychiatrist with wagging tails and sniffs.

"Hannibal."

"Will, you look pleasant this afternoon.", Hannibal comments.

Will flushed from sweet words and stood up a little straighter, his grooming hadn't been in vain. He didn’t worry too much about his beard, it never got too wild to cut. Omegas didn't grow too much body hair and Will was blessed to have the little on his face and arms. "Thank you, Hannibal. I can say the same for you."

Hannibal walked up the few porch steps and stood in front of the Omega, a finger catching a stray curl to wrap around. The Omega didn't resist or reel away but took a step closer, clasping his hand to where Hannibal held a curl. Tender and sweetly intimate the touch was and almost innocent--Hannibal released the chocolate curl and tentatively stroked Will's cheek. Will purred softly and nudged his cheek closer to that warm hand. His nose brushed against the scent gland of Hannibal's wrist; a rich mixture of hyacinth and lily coated with spiciness of an Alpha.
"I hope you don't mind lunch at my home as a date, Will.", Hannibal said softly and lifted his hand away. Will's purring ceased, "Sounds perfect to me..."

As Hannibal drove, Will couldn't help but to feel awkward. He kept his eyes to the road and never once did he glance at the Alpha beside him-afraid to start a conversation. He wasn't fond when it came to leaving his house and his dogs but it would've been impolite to deny Hannibal's date; especially when he shows up on his door step. Being near Hannibal was just enough to make him slink into his shell and never see the light again. With every winding turn the car took, Will clutched onto his seatbelt to keep himself from panicking. Hannibal was a very cautious driver and was doing the speed limit but Will couldn't bring himself to calamity.

"William, I do not know what's bothering you but just know that I'm very worried.", Hannibal commented, his maroon eyes still focused on the road ahead. Will swallowed thickly and mustered up the courage to look at the Alpha beside him.

"It's Nigel...", he trails off, losing the words on the tip of his tongue. He had to choose the next words carefully, he didn't want to anger the Alpha by mentioning his twin. "It's just that he..."

"Visited you before I did?"

Will froze. How could Hannibal possibly know that? Will mentally cringed knowing he didn't wash himself good enough to get Nigel's scent off his body. In the back of his mind he was praying that Hannibal wasn't frustrated with him.

"Nigel is known to interfere in matters that are not his. He shall never contaminate our relationship, William."

The omega in the passenger seat sighed and loosened his grip on his seatbelt, resting his head against the window. Something that should've been relief was only swirling into more anxiety. His stomach tightened a little more and without his precious aspirin, he would have to deal with it. Will Graham only cursed himself for being so stupid.

Relationships are so hard.

White Lotus

Chapter Summary

Will reconsiders the courtship with Hannibal while Nigel experiences his own personal 'hell on Earth'.

Chapter Six

"White Lotus"

"Please William, there's no need to be uncomfortable.", Hannibal said softly, setting a glass of red down on the coffee table. Will kept his eyes in his lap and took a deep inhale, exhaled, then picked up the wine glass. He wafted the sweet fragrance with a contented smile and took a slow sip.

"Sorry, it's not too often I come to your house.", he said, content with the fine tasting wine.

Hannibal smiled lightly and sat in the arm chair adjacent to Will's position on the couch, his own glass of red swirling around in his glass.. Lunch was light; cantaloupe capriccio, which surprised Hannibal because the cantaloupe came out fine even out of season. The Omega finished his glass and set it on top of a napkin, slightly shifting in his seat--He looked uncomfortable. Hannibal registered Will's uneasiness and routed the source to the comments he made earlier.

"Will, I know you're not at ease over recent events but I must apologize for my recent behavior. I shouldn't be implying control over you. This is a terrible start to any relationship."

The Omega lifted his eyes in shock but they soon lidded in understanding.

"It's fine, Hannibal. It's just a lot of things are happening especially with your brother in town. I thought about breaking our courtship for a while but I'm sure he will be leaving soon."

Hannibal felt knives prick into his sides at the thought of losing Will's favor in the courtship, a heavy cloud looming over his consciousness. He blamed his nature and devotion to the courtship. Doctor Lecter wanted nothing more than to make Will happy and content, not force something toxic and unwanted. He did agree that Nigel was becoming quite the problem--like a thorn that kept the rose from being plucked. He was glad that Will was understanding Nigel's intentions and mentally praised the Omega's resistance.

The courtship's progress has been rendered but not entirely, Hannibal still had his cards in order while keeping up appearances. Alana and Abigail had been well compensated and Hannibal was keen on having time with Abigail, the girl was young and needed her father in her life. He just simply fell out of touch with Alana almost overnight. Will didn't know how much power he had over Hannibal, the way his mind constructed and deconstructed every kill, too precious to be contained.

"I don't feel so good, Hannibal. May I get some rest in your guest room?", Will asked, wiping some sweat off his face with the back of his hand.

Hannibal hardly recognized Will's request but caught himself blankly staring into his wine glass. He regained focus and looked at the Omega, nodding his head and pointing to the stairs.

"Would you like me to make something else for you?"

"No I'll be fine, thank you."

Will left the living room and headed upstairs, stripping out of his suit as he took every step. He was abnormally warm even though Hannibal's house was cool--his arms and legs were aching and his brain felt like it was rattling against his skull. It wasn't his heat, it was too early in the month to start experiencing the symptoms. His medical condition made it almost unlikely for a 'mature' heat to occur anyway.

The emotional drain of having to juggle Hannibal and Nigel in both hands, accelerated by his empathy, didn't help his physical health at all.

He went into the guest room and flopped down. He drew the curtains and opened the window, a chilly breeze already cooling his clammy skin. Will rested against the frame of the window and stared at the marvelous garden Hannibal had been keeping in the backyard; orchids, lavender, and some exotic imports Will never saw before.

He must take great pride not only in his cooking but to his gardening too, Will mused then returned to the bed. He found a comfortable position and dozed off only minutes later...

Hannibal came to Will's aid after a while, placing a glass of cool water and some mild aspirin nearby just in case. The Omega was blissfully asleep--Hannibal smiled lightly and ran a hand through chocolate curls. He had to be exhausted from everything his mind challenged him to. The Alpha lingered for a moment to document the sickly sweet aroma off of Will's body, not enough to excite but enough to keep his biology content. He left without a word and return back downstairs.

Nigel had left his hotel room a wreck--there had to be at least four holes in the wall where he punched through them. He never found himself so worked up in his life; most of his rage directed to himself and his actions. He ached for Gabriela but hated her even more so in

death. She was his *everything*, the air he breathed and the food he consumed would all be ignored if it meant having Gabriela in his arms again. He was so madly devoted to her that when her wings were tainted, he became her judge, jury, and executioner. Did he have any say on guilty angels? Was he just a devil hidden in the church house?

Nigel looked at the phone on the bed and almost hesitated to call his twin. He could recite all of Hannibal's scolding and grimaced; *he really hated the lectures*. He decided not to pick up his phone but instead a fresh pack of menthols. The cigarette lit between his lips brought him the calamity he needed for the moment--bringing his anger down just a notch. This was a sign that Bucharest was calling her son back home--Nigel didn't belong in Baltimore let alone the United States. This place gave him migraines. He was ready to declare defeat--Nigel stopped his conquest of having Will Graham as his own. He couldn't replace Gabi with drugs, strippers, or any other human being.

He was destined to walk this mortal sphere without his angel--his sweet fucking Gabi. Gods damn him to the lowest pit of Hell. He didn't belong in Limbo yet alone Heaven.

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